

Drunken Delights

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-09-12 20:55:06

Updated: 2011-09-12 20:55:06

Packaged: 2016-04-26 12:56:27

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,707

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Okay so Hiccup and Astrid got drunk the night before and well things were rather steamy. Hiccup wakes and can't remember ANYTHING that happened the previous night So Astrid has to remind him.

Drunken Delights

More from the wonderful world of Free Writing :O In this one Hiccup was viciously inebriated the night before and can't remember sleeping with Astrid so she reminds him.

Hiccup opened his eyes and gasped scooting back till he fell off the bed.

"Oh gods! Oh dear gods!" he hissed, looking in the direction of his bed. He pulled a cloth over him before realizing it was hers, too. The Vikingess warrior beauty shifted under his fur covers. He shut his eyes and reopened them, praying to the gods it was an illusion. When he saw her blond tresses lying over his pillow he almost fainted. Instead he just sat there staring at her. His prosthesis was all the way on the other side of the room instead of beside his bed like he usually kept it. He looked up at the sleeping warrior on his bed and stole a glance at his leg before pulling on a pair of precariously tossed breeches (conveniently nearby) and crawling to his prosthesis.

Unfortunately, as he was crawling over there, the pant leg that had nothing but air in it snagged itself on one of the splinters of wood on the floorboards. This caused the poor young hero to fall sprawling across the floor with a loud thump.

This sound woke the girl in his bed and she jumped up ready to defend herself. Instead of a true threat though she just saw a blushing young Viking boy staring up at her, his lips pursed into a tight white line.

"Damn, Hiccup. You scared me," she said, relaxing her stance, then, noting his face, "What's wrong?"

He just pointed. She looked down. Her muscular, lithe body was as bare as the day she was born.

"What?" she asked, taking a step forward, "It's not like you've not seen it before." Hiccup gulped and somehow managed to find his voice.

"I-I-uh- I have?" he asked. Though he had found his voice it was cracking and showed how nervous he was. She reached down and hauled him up by his arm.

"Come on, Hiccup," she said, pulling him up. She looked deep into his emerald eyes.

"You don't remember anything about last night?" He shook his head. She sighed and then got a wicked look on her face and pushed him into a sitting position on his bed.

"Well then I'll just have to remind you," Astrid purred, swinging a leg over his waist and scooting herself up in his lap.

"Err," he stuttered nervously, as she began to run her skilled fingers down his chest that, while skinny, was well developed in muscles. Over his hips, pushing his deep green breeches lower. She lifted her body long enough to finish slipping his clothes off of him (again) and drug her hands over the skin of his legs.

She moved her hands up till they cupped his face and pulled it in for a kiss. He lost it there. He pulled her into his chest and she knitted her fingers through his thick red hair. She rocked her hips closer to his rolling on his thick arousal.

"Oh, Hiccup," she moaned, softly in his ears. He ground up into her feeling the dampness gathering between her legs for him. Astrid lifted her weight and began to rhythmically palm him while at the same time grinding on to her hand for extra pressure.

"Astrid," he moaned, her name like fire on his tongue. She smiled before moving her hand up over his chest, leaving a trail of pre-cum and her own blend of juices. He found the scent intoxicating and took deep breaths to try and memorize their mixed scent. He didn't have long before Astrid pinned him to his own bed. He looked up at her surprised as she pinned his arms above his head and then found a piece of cloth to tie them there. She inched down his body and stroked his long cock with one thin, strong finger. He moaned and arched into her touch.

"If you like that, you'll love this," she said, dipping her head down onto him. He gasped at the feel of her lips around him. She sucked on him like a child on a phephermint stick. He moaned and fought his bonds wanting to run his hands in her golden tresses.

"Astrid," he moaned. She dipped down again a low humming moan rising in her throat sending a delightful vibration through his erection. He moaned and arched into her. Fighting even more desperately against his bonds.

"Astrid. Oh gods...so close," he moaned. She gave one last long drawn out suck. He came. Astrid swallowed all she could and then gave one last long lick. Then she freed him and sat back on her heels and leaned even further back laying down completely. She spread her legs and looked at Hiccup with an expectant look in her blue eyes.

He made an audible gulp and inched toward her. Nerves and uncertainty made him even more awkward than usual. He fell across her twice but she just smiled.

"I-s-sorry," he stuttered.

"Don't be. I like the feel of you being on top of me," she whispered, huskily. He gulped loudly again earning a smile from Astrid. She laced her fingers through his thick chestnut hair and gently guided his lips to the juncture between her thighs.

"Uhh," he looked up at her confused.

"Use your brain," she moaned, his warm breath was already driving her mad. He looked up at her in question but her head was already lolling back in anticipation. He reached forward with his hand and parted her fleshy, swollen lips.

"Ohhh," she groaned, blissfully. Hiccup looked up at her and licked his lips nervously trying to swallow past the lump in his throat. He stroked the plump wet folds.

"Hiccup!" she gasped, wrapping her legs around his shoulders, pulling him close. His lips slammed into her nether lips. He was overcome by her scent and ran his tongue up her creaming slit. Her strong legs curled under his arms as if trying to pull him closer. He delved his tongue deep into her core eliciting a delighted gasp from her.

"Dear FREYJA!" she gasped, rutting into his face. She was gasping and moaning, her hands ghosting over her chest, rubbing her nipples and gasping his name like he was a god of sex himself. "So hot! Unnn," she groaned, fisting both of her hands into his chestnut locks. He flicked his tongue in and out of her savoring her delicious juices.

"So close! Gods, Hiccupâ€|" she moaned. "Ungh, un, AHHH! HICCUP!" Astrid yelled her orgasm ripping through her as her back rose from the bed. When she finally collapsed Hiccup pulled her into his arms. She smiled and kissed him, tasting herself still lingering in his mouth.

"Just as good as the first time?" he asked, still shocked that he had enough guts, drunk or no, to have sex with anyone but especially with Astrid. It's not that he hadn't thought about it, he was a teenage boy and it would have been shocking if he hadn't. He had had fantasies about the brave Viking lass begging for him but never in a million years expected those dreams to become reality. Yet here she was, naked lying on his chest, grinning like a mischievous Terror, and he had just given and received oral to and from her. But he sensed more coming.

As if reading his thoughts Astrid lay back pulling him on top of her. She groaned in delight as his weight came onto her. It was blissful

to the young Viking girl.

"Love me, Hiccup. Make love to me like I was Freyja and you were Odur," she murmured, causing Hiccup to blush viciously at the thought of the goddess of passion and her husband in bed. Astrid smiled cheekily at her lover. He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing nervously.

She reached behind him and grabbed his ass pulling him forward. She pulled back momentarily only to reach between them and guide his member to her wet opening. The touch of her warm wet flesh made the rest of his blood rush straight to his dick. He grabbed her hips and slid into her.

"Oh gods," she gasped, arching up into him. He gave a bit back groan of delight as the sensations of her wet, tight core bombarded him. It was so amazing he couldn't understand how he didn't remember taking her the first time! Surely he would remember THIS! Of course this time he wasn't drunk eitherâ€|

"Oh mercy," he moaned, rocking in and out of her.

"No mercy," Astrid shouted, "Don't show me any mercy! Ravage me! Ravage me like a mad man!" she shouted, rutting into his thrusting hips.

Hiccup groaned holding his weight on his shaking arms on either side of Astrid's head. She wrapped her legs around his waist, locking her ankles and pulling him deeper within her.

"Ungh," she groaned arching up into his sweat slicked body.

"Ggnnn," he gave his own grown and he buried himself deeply in her.

"I'm coming, Astrid," he groaned.

"Hold onâ€| just a little longer," she gasped, arching up into him, her hands clawing his pale back. Suddenly her muscles clamped around him and he could hold back no more. He grunted and buried himself deep into her, spilling his seed into her, then burying his face into her cushioned chest.

She started stroking his hair softly, their breaths coming in heaves.

"Think you can remember it that time?" she asked, smirking up into his beautiful emerald eyes. He stared back and smiled softly.

"I don't know, you may have to remind me again," he smirked.

"As many times as it takes," Astrid said confidently, wrapping her arms around him and kissing him deep. Hiccup wrapped his own arms around her and smiled. She smiled and they fell asleep in each other's arms, in the early morning light.

**Well there it is in its amazing loving smutty glory. **

End

file.